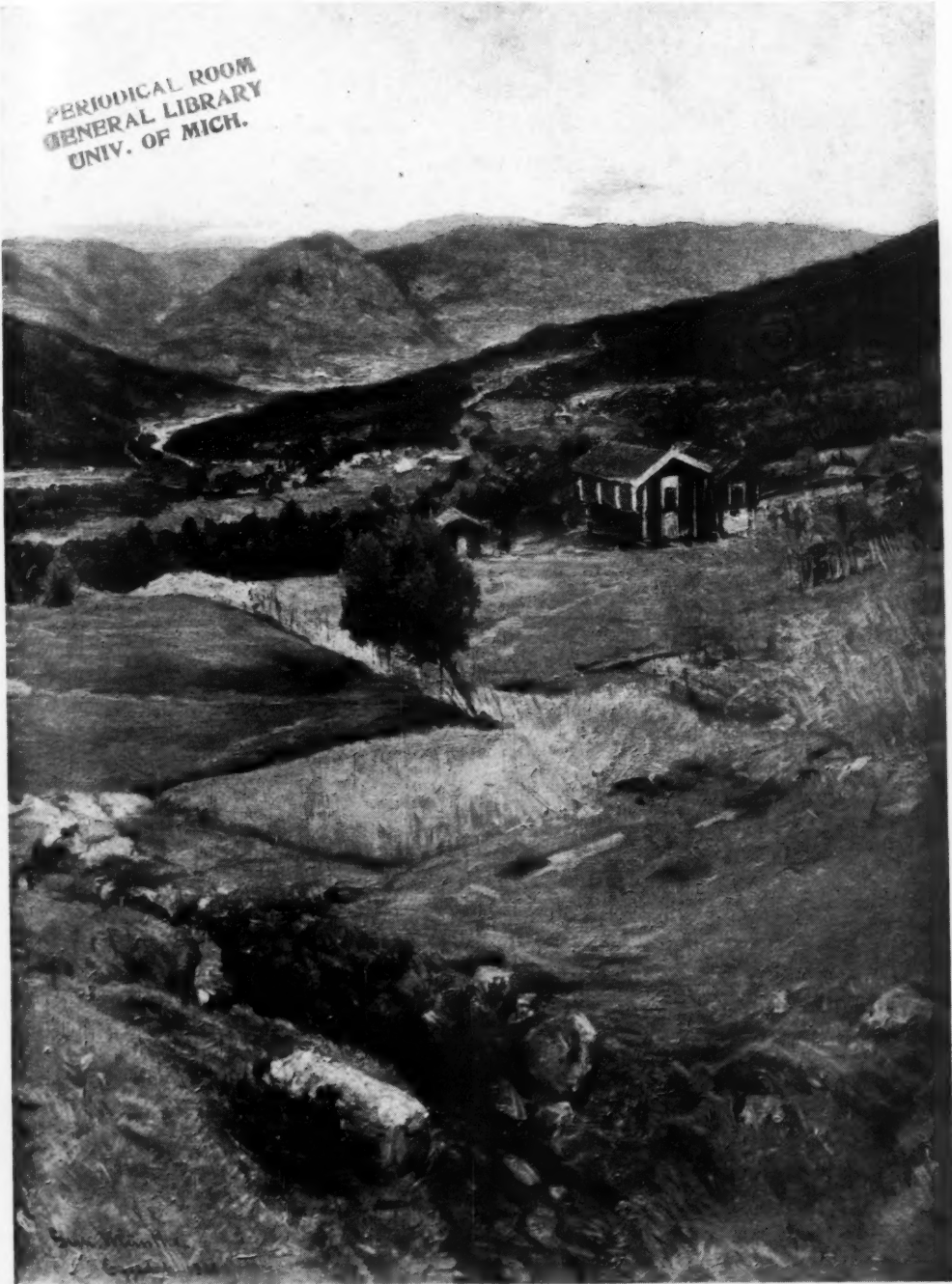


NOVEMBER, 1927

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# • THE • AMERICAN • SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

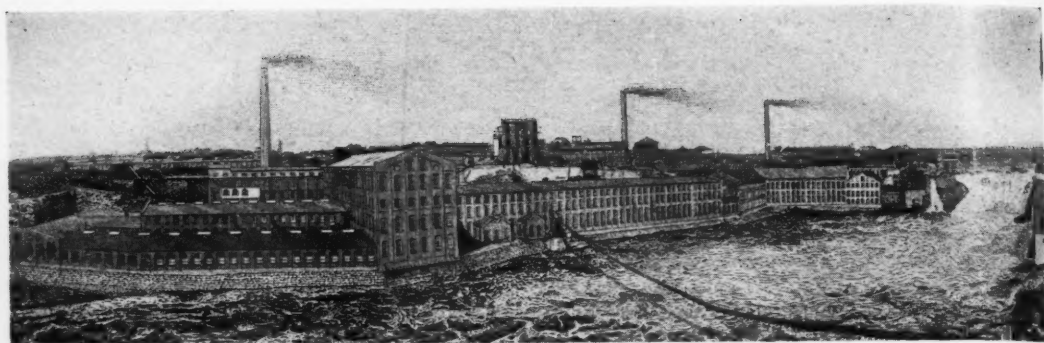
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NORWAY NUMBER



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AUSTRIA AND THE UNITED STATES**

## FINANCIAL NOTES

## NORWEGIAN KRONE'S GRADUAL RISE ECONOMICALLY SOUND

Norwegian financial circles are convinced that, with the krone rising gradually during the past twelve months from 21.90 a year ago to the 26.43 cent per krone at the present time, the nation's economic status has been greatly benefited. It is, of course, true that par value is now within reach, and that with continued care and foresight the full value of the krone in the international money market of the world will be established with complete safety. It is also more and more apparent that the financial authorities of Norway reckoned correctly when they cautioned against a too rapid rise of the krone. An avoidance of labor troubles is looked upon as giving further stability to the country's currency. Altogether there is increased optimism evident in industrial, commercial, and financial circles.

## FOREIGN INVESTMENT MORE FAVORABLE TO SWEDEN

In an address delivered before the Swiss Statistical and Economic Society at Basle, Switzerland, Oscar Rydbeck, Managing Director of Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget of Stockholm, showed how Swedish sentiment had been favoring an increased investment of foreign capital in Sweden, as aiding the growing industries and the exploitation of the raw materials so prevalent in the country. Up to quite recently, Mr. Rydbeck said, Swedish legislation had given small encouragement to such foreign investments, and Swedish investors had themselves been quite indifferent to such securities. It is still exceptional, he declared, for Swedes to buy foreign shares quoted on the various stock exchanges abroad, but there is now a not inconsiderable market for foreign bonds in Sweden.

## BANK OF ICELAND WRITES OFF 3¾ MILLION KRONER

The difficulties with which the Bank of Iceland has had to contend during 1926 are now made plain from the annual report. Stockholders received no dividends, a thing which only once before occurred in the history of the bank. Dividends for 1925 amounted to 4 per cent and for the three years preceding were 5 per cent for each year. The bank wrote off 3,736,000 kroner. The foreign indebtedness increased during the year from not quite 1,700,000 kroner to 6,600,000 kroner. Deposits decreased from 10,200,000 kroner to 6,200,000 kroner.

## NEW LAW'S EFFECT ON NORWEGIAN BANKS

Bank Director Evanths is authority for the statement in *Morgenavisen* of Bergen that the new bank law will affect a number of institutions. He declares that it is the law's requirement for a minimum capital of 100,000 kroner which has been responsible for six banks liquidating their business in that territory. However, the total of ninety banks remaining there, he states, is fully able to satisfy the needs of the districts. Greater co-operation among the banks will add to their stability and their further capacity for carrying on in their various localities.

## NORWEGIAN LLOYD'S NEW YORK BRANCH DECLARED SOLVENT

In the decision handed down by Judge Robert L. Luce of the New Supreme Court, the American policy holders and creditors of the defunct Norske Lloyd Assurance Selskab, Oslo, are entitled to interest on their claims. According to this decision, American claimants are not only to have their investments fully paid, but interest is also to be paid them from the date it was due. It was argued by the attorneys for Norske Lloyd that inasmuch as the present company was insolvent, the American branch was likewise insolvent, so that the creditors could not claim interests in addition to the amounts due them. According to Judge Luce, the American branch disposes over a capital of \$1,696,832. When all the expenses are deducted and interests paid, there will remain the sum of \$1,250,000, which will be transferred to the Norwegian administrative board in Oslo. As for the Norske Lloyd itself, the deficit stands at \$5,209,000.

## FLENSBURG HAS ITS FIRST REAL DANISH BANK

The Prussian Minister of Trade and Industry has consented to the establishment of a Danish bank in the city of Flensburg, to bear the name "Unionbank." Plans are now being made to begin business at an early date. The former Danish bank in Flensburg, "Flensborger Volksbank," failed a few years ago as a result of allowing credit for a too large amount to a single customer, the Trade Company of Flensburg, of which H. Zachariassen was the manager and owner.

## FINANCE MINISTER KONOW ON NORWAY'S BUDGET STATUS

Following the dissolution of the Norwegian Storting, Finance Minister Konow gave it as his opinion that everything pointed to a favorable balancing of the country's budget. For that purpose the Storting voted the sum of 15,000,000 kroner to partly cover the loss due to the exchange rate of the krone. The budget finally balanced with 413,000,000 kroner. The combined losses due to the exchange regulation of the state and Norges Bank, amounted to 8,615,000 kroner, of which sum 5,743,000 kroner fell on the state alone.

## FUTURE OF THE WORLD PRICE LEVEL STATED

In the Swedish American *Trade Journal*, Professor Bertil Ohlin has a valuable article on what he terms the future of the world price level. He writes that perhaps the most striking change in the world's monetary system is that in most countries gold coin has disappeared from circulation. It is estimated that about 500,000,000 pounds sterling in gold were in circulation before the war, whereas now four-fifths of that amount have been withdrawn, and lie in the vaults of the central banks.

Professor Ohlin is of the opinion that the development of the world price level during the next decade is a question of American monetary policy. The decision regarding its stabilization lies in the hands of the leaders of that policy. This financial expert appears somewhat critical of the Federal Reserve Board's activity with regard to the gold reserves held in America.

1864

1927

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GABRIEL SCOTT's description of his home province will not leave the reader in doubt as to why so large a proportion of emigrants from the Sörland return to their old homes when the time comes to retire from active life. The little houses overlooking the skerries and the tiny flowery ledges of garden would tempt even those whose cradle had not rocked in that particular part of the world. Gabriel Scott, who lives near Arendal in a house known as the Gull's Nest, takes his types from the milieu he knows so well, and his style has the southerner's combination of charm and quiet whimsicality. At the same time there is in his books a seriousness which sometimes becomes somber, as in his novel of Norwegian life a hundred years ago, *Ordeal by Fire* (*Jernbyrden*) which appeared in 1915, and is one of his most important books. His recent stories have been reviewed in our book pages.

MIKKJEL FÖNHUS, one of the youngest of recognized authors in Norway, has won immense popularity by his stories of outdoor life, of wild animals and men almost as primitive. He was born in South Aurdal and still has his home in Valdres, in the region he describes for REVIEW readers. Fönhus acquires his knowledge of wild life from personal research of the most arduous kind. On the Editor's desk is a photograph of him crawling out of a bear's den. While most of his stories are from the forests and mountains of his home, he has visited Spitsbergen and written some brilliant poetic descriptions of that far northern region.

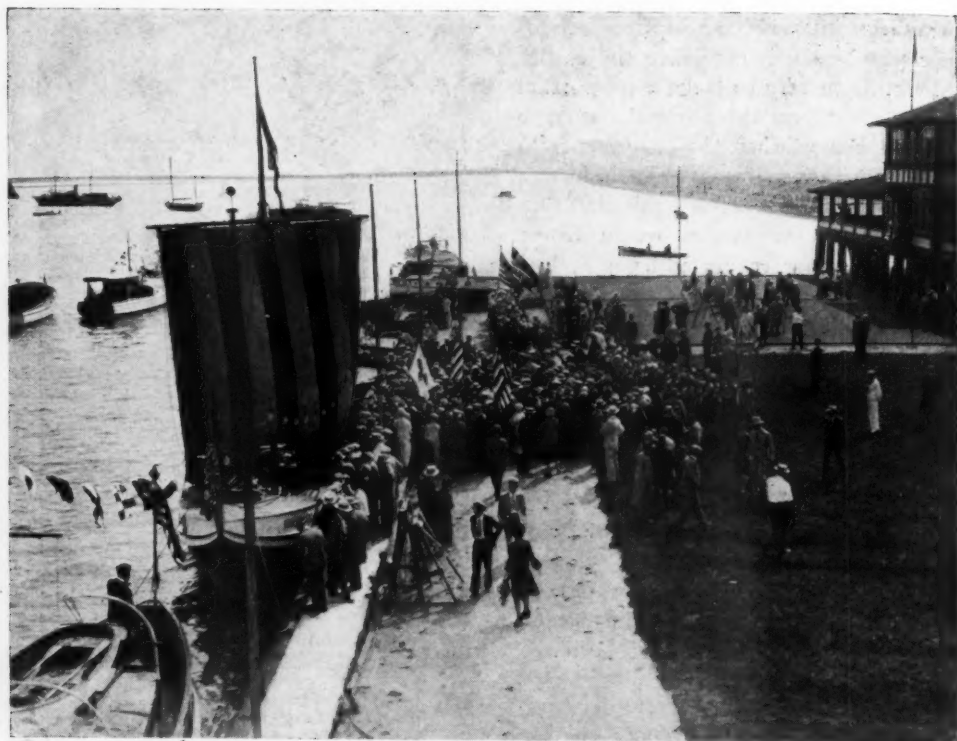
THEO. FINDAHL last year published a book of travel sketches from Spain, *Cloister and Arena*, which attracted much favorable comment in Norway. He is a native of Tönsberg in Vestfold. Mr. Findahl, who is an educator by profession, is now in the United States on a study trip.



BEN BLESSUM

It is an especial pleasure to acknowledge the REVIEW's indebtedness to Mr. BEN BLESSUM, director of the Norwegian Government Railways Travel Bureau in New York. It is due to his enterprise and his artistic sense that a really marvellous collection of scenic photographs from Norway has been assembled here, and he has been most generous in putting them at the disposal of the REVIEW. All the illustrations for Mr. Fönhus's article and a large part of those for Mr. Scott's and Mr. Findahl's have been loaned by Mr. Blessum.

The Norwegian national number will be followed by one for Denmark in January and one for Sweden in February. That for Denmark has been occasioned by the exhibition of Danish fine and applied art now in this country and will contain text and illustrations presenting the art of Denmark. Among contributors to the Sweden number is the eminent critic, John Landquist.



THE ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN FOLGERO'S BOAT

#### Chicago Honors Leif Erikson

ON SEPTEMBER 11 Chicago celebrated Leif Erikson day by dedicating Leif Erikson Drive, the new outer parkway along Lake Michigan from Grant Park to Jackson Park. The festivities which marked the occasion were arranged by the Norwegian National Alliance (*Nationalforbundet*), to which also must be given credit for its successful efforts which brought about this splendid memorial to the Norse discoverer.

The opening ceremony of the day took place Sunday morning in Humboldt Park, where a wreath was placed on the monument to Leif Erikson, and addresses were made by the Norwegian Consul, Olaf Bernts, and Professor Julius E. Olsen of Wisconsin University.

Following upon this was the marine

parade and reception which greeted the arrival of Captain Gerhard Folgero and his gallant ship the *Leif Erikson* in which he crossed the Atlantic last year. The harbor, filled with water craft of every description, many of the boats manned with crews in viking costume, made a colorful and brilliant display. The landing took place at the Columbia Yacht Club, and from there a long parade of Scandinavian organizations and societies led the way to the Stadium in Soldiers' Field where the afternoon's program was given. Fifteen thousand spectators had gathered. City-attorney Saltiel represented the Mayor, and Edward J. Kelly, President of the South Park Commissioners, made the dedication address. Other speakers were Rasmus B. Andersen, Senator Deneen, and Captain Folgero.

# THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,  
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

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**Government Advisory Committees:** Danish—A. P. Weis, Chief of the Department of the Ministry of Education, Chairman; Norwegian—K. J. Hougen, Chief of the Department of Church and Education, Chairman. The Swedish Government is represented in the Swedish American Foundation (below).

**Co-operating Bodies:** Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 24-A, Stockholm, Svante Arrhenius, President; Ira Nelson Morris, Honorary President; J. P. Seeburg, Honorary Vice-President; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; N. Feilberg, Secretary, Vestre Boulevard 18, Copenhagen; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgade 1, Oslo, K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Arne Kildal, Secretary.

**Associates:** All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

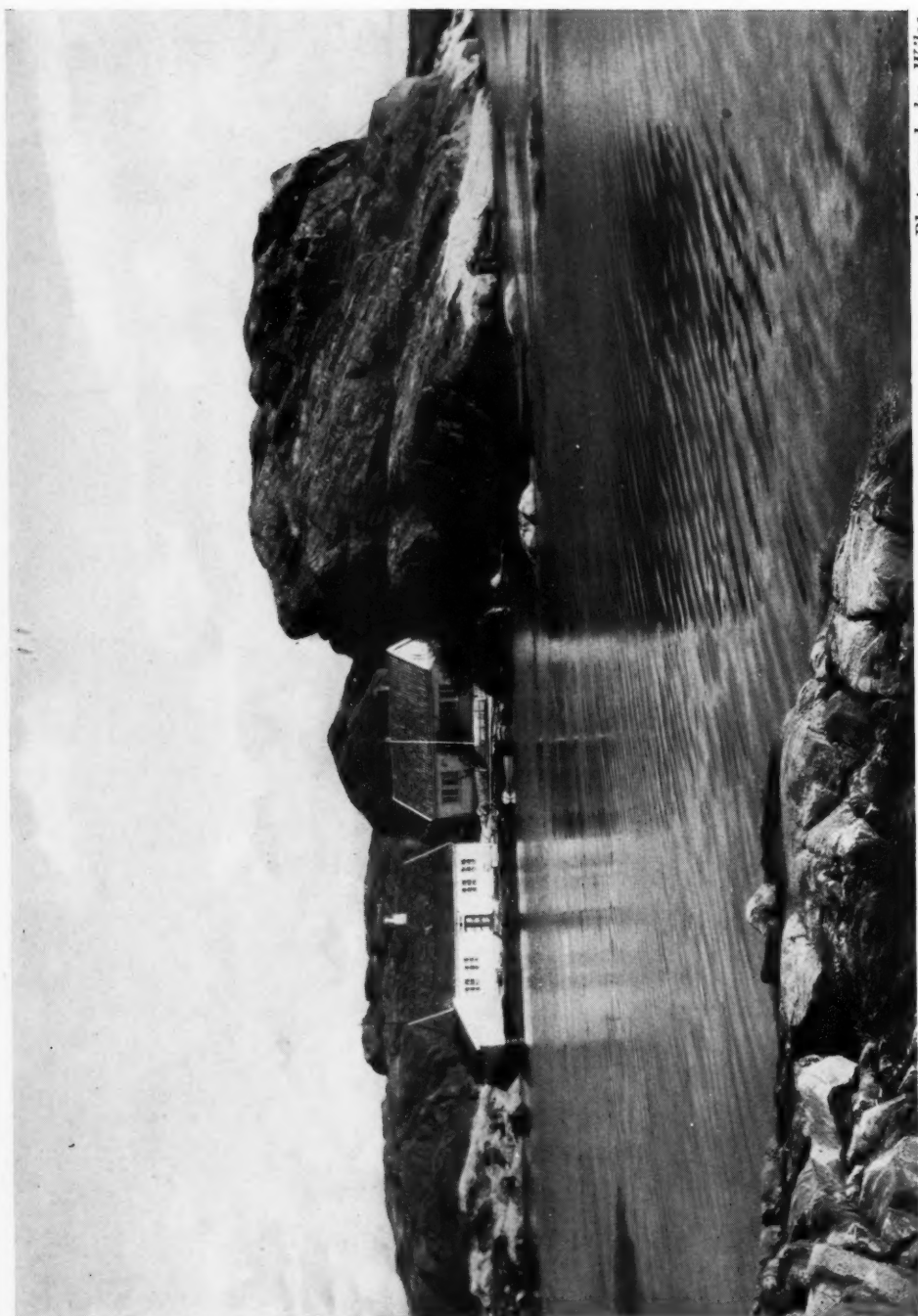
NORWAY—for some of us, tourists and travellers, that word means a land of great scenic beauty, of deep waters and high, rugged mountains. For others it is a homeland, thought of with sincere affection even though our families have been absent from it for two or three generations. Some of us think of the nation's gifts in literature and the arts; some of its scholars and scientists; some of its long history of sea-faring; some of the patient tilling of high farmlands. To interpret Norway in all these aspects, to speak likewise and in turn for Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland, is the purpose of the American Scandinavian Foundation in the REVIEW and in all its work.

For the moment, since this is a Norway Number of the REVIEW, we may look at the work of the Foundation and see by what means Norway is interpreted through it. Whoever may examine the table of the REVIEW's contents for the years 1927 and 1928 will realize that the REVIEW is now inducing Norway's greatest writers to interpret their country to us.

In the books issued by the Foundation both Norway of old and Norway of

to-day are shown. Perhaps none of the Foundation's books have attracted more attention than those taken from the Old Norse: *The Poetic Edda*, *The Prose Edda*, *The King's Mirror*, and Munch's survey of *Norse Mythology*. Now, before the Christmas season, the Foundation will bring out a volume to display the quality of fiction produced in Norway during the past seventy years—*Told in Norway: An Introduction to Modern Norwegian Fiction* consisting of twenty-one famous stories by eighteen Norwegian writers.

Since the last Norway Number, our student work with Norway has been more than doubled. For years we have given stipends to university students and sent them back and forth between the countries. But during the present year we have brought to America for the first time ten young men to study our industries. No one can foretell the effect upon both the countries that this steady and increasing interchange of some of the ablest of our young people will have. It deserves to be watched by every American who has an interest in Norway.



*Photograph by Wilce*

NY HELLESUND, A SUBJECT FOR PAINTERS SEEKING THE IDYLIC



# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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VOLUME XV

AUGUST, 1927

NUMBER 11

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## The Sörland

*Impressions, Moods, Pictures*

BY GABRIEL SCOTT

**M**ANY times I have asked myself this question: What is it that characterizes the Sörland, that differentiates it from other parts of the country and gives it a distinct individuality?

I have always been at a loss for an answer. I can, to be sure, find a word or a phrase to express a single aspect of it, but to gather the whole of the Sörland into one picture so that it can be seen and felt and recognized . . .

Perhaps others will be more successful in expressing it. What impresses me is its variety, its eternally changing nature, its surprising number of moods, the ever shifting new impressions it gives. A landscape of the eastern country may be monotonous; the wayfarer beholds the same picture, the same lines, for an hour or more. But a Sörland landscape is always changing; at each turn of the road a new scene meets the eye. Nor does the eye see far, for the landscape crowds in upon one and surrounds one. Fields and mountains, forests and valleys are cosily huddled together, and in between winds the road, rising and falling, here circling a lake, there bending aside to avoid a hillock. Now and then the landscape opens up; a field of heather or a plain lies spread out before the eye—the Tangvall plain in Sögne, perhaps, or the Kongsgaard grounds near Kristiansand—and a church comes to view with its tiny spire. If one is near the coast, one suddenly looks out over the sea, blue between the leafy knolls, with its islets and rocks and white breakers. Then the view is cut off again; the hills and the woods crowd in upon one, the thickets extend all the way down to the road, and one cannot see twenty paces away. Nature is not imposing here; it does not impress one by power or wildness, nor by great masses or lines. There

is something soft-voiced about it, and at the same time something intimate. It has a quiet beauty of its own just as the heather has. Charm is the word; idyl is the word; but neither of them is comprehensive enough, neither of them expresses more than a small part.

The Sörland is many-sided; it can be so hard, so naked that one freezes at the sight of it, and it can oppress one with its melancholy and incline the mind to homesickness and dreams. I think of Lindesnes on a stormy day, or of marvelous Lister, which is a realm by itself, where all is sky and wind over an endless, stony stretch of sand with green, grassy plains in between. Great parts of it are old ocean bed; where sea-weed and eel-grass once grew, there is now the meadow, billowing in the wind with hops, ox-eye daisies, sweet clover, buttercups, and sorrel. Where oysters lay by the thousand and mussels hung in clumps and clusters, there grow now the lily-of-the-valley and the anemone, there the night-smelling rocket sheds its fragrance, while the woodbine twines about. But most of all there is cranes-bill, pansy, and wild-briar.

There is something distant and forgotten about this land, like something that belongs to the past. Toward evening one feels it, when the dusk drifts in from the sea and lays its shadow over the land, enfolds it and takes it to its bosom. It is as if the ghost of the sea were haunting the thickets, as if it were growing and mounting to recapture its lost territory. Nature gradually changes its expression; the lines dissolve; all becomes gray, somber and desolate—the low, quiet landscape all about becomes curiously mighty and heavy and great. All the joyous colors are extinguished; it is the sea that dominates and rules—the sea and the dusk.

## II

The Sörland's ornament and chief possession, its most individual and most characteristic region, which distinguishes it above all else is the encircling line of skerries. There are skerries elsewhere in the world, elsewhere in Norway, for that matter, but none of them have this dwarf craggy, this sea-scoured rubble-stone appearance that is peculiar to the country here in the south. Closely set they lie there, sheltering the land from wind and weather, a sprinkle of islets and reefs and sunken rocks, with channels and crooked inlets in between—an endless gray realm, where the heather waves in clefts and crevices and reddens toward fall with the most delicate colors.

Here are the homes of the fishermen and of the seamen as well. Here the old men settle down when they are no longer able to go to sea, get themselves a house, a boat and a few fish-traps and sweeten their old age as best they can. Here live the pilots and the customs men, and here the outlying harbors along the coast crouch behind the protecting wall of the islands and shelter themselves from the



THE WINDING CHANNEL AT NY HELLESUND

weather. The channel has business with all of them, the channel that winds between small lighthouses and white beacons. The little steamboat that goes to town and leaves its wake about among the reefs is busy the whole day long. Now it goes far up a fjord with goods for a country storekeeper, and now it is out among the islands again; now it stops for a small sailboat on the way and permits itself to be boarded for a case of salmon; and now the sound is so narrow that the steamer must go at slow speed or stop the engine altogether.

As the reefs glide past, one picture follows another; at times one passes leafy hillocks, where oak thickets extend down to the very shore, where little green valleys cleave the mountainside and wait for some one to come there and live. At other times there is nothing but gray stone, tumbling debris, blind reefs, and spray. Now and then a huddle of small houses smiles forth, clinging to the rocks, thriving in the wind like wild briar and adorning the landscape in the same fashion. I bring to mind beautiful Ulvösund, idyllic Brekkestö, resembling a country village with its lanes and narrow passages and lying in a sheltered pot-like depression in the hills; or Ny Hellesund with its stately old houses, Rævesand, Mærdö, and others. They are all old-time fishing ports, well-known stopping places along the coast,



IDYLIC BREKKESTÖ

where ships in former times took shelter from stormy weather, and where at Christmas time they lay side by side so that people walked from deck to deck across the sound without needing to use boats. In those days there were inns too, where travelers could find food and shelter—and a glass of “French” if they

wished. Now inn-keeping is a thing of the past. In its place have come country shops, lay preachers and other miseries, and if one wishes to cross the sound at Christmas time, one must take a boat and row. The ships are no more; at the most one sees a schooner now and then, which anchors for a day or two. The only boats that lie there now are the pilot boat, the Custom-house boat, and perhaps a pleasure boat from the city—and back in the bay a mackerel smack mirrors itself in the shallow water.

Every day the steamboat brings the mail and comes alongside the little wooden jetty, discharges sacks of flour and cases of goods, and takes on milk cans, live-stock, and fish. Late in the summer the outgoing cargo consists of plums, red, yellow, green, and blue. They are brought to the jetty in baskets, in boxes, in crates, in pails, in barrels, even in baby carriages; the whole steamboat is full of them. At every stopping place come more and more, wagon-loads of them. Soon it will be impossible to remain on the boat, just for plums.

People call it the “plum boat,” and they look carefully before they sit down. “How overloaded she is this year!”

### III

A stranger who goes ashore at one of these out-ports will immediately note one thing: Everything is neat, clean, and well-kept. The coast dweller has a sense of beauty; he likes things to look attractive; he is fond of his home, and he encloses it, cares for it and adorns it as best he can.



THE TWO HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD PARSONAGE AT WEST MOLAND



The houses are often in good condition even though they are very old, one hundred, two hundred years. They are snugly situated and picturesque, with their stone steps in front, their railings and their flag-staffs. They are painted in various colors, white, red, yellow and gray, and they are often amazingly "good," giving evidence of the builder's knowledge and taste. There is "Krona" in Tromsund near Arendal, and the parsonage in Vestre Moland, and the Custom House in Brekkestø, and besides, there are many tiny huts, real doll houses, where it is unbelievable that people can live. Variety is the rule here also.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT BREKKESTØ

The stranger will note, too, the garden patches scattered about, giving a touch of life to the harbor and the place. They have often been made with incredible effort; earth and seaweed have been carried by the pailful, ashes and fish offal have been added, and small retaining walls have been built, and little by little a garden has come into being, a spot as big as a parlor floor. Others have developed gradually; they lie wherever it may happen, in steps and terraces up the hillsides with white-painted palings around them, in small clefts and sheltered nooks. Here all sorts of things grow; there are kitchen gardens and flower gardens; on the one hand laburnum, and on the other Indian cress and rhubarb—nearly everything thrives. In between lie gaping shells, huge bivalves from foreign shores, which the owner brought home with him from some West Indian voyage. The flagstaff over in the corner will often have a shining ball at the top, and that livens the place up too. With the door latches and the brass knobs on the railings polished up, on a summer day, with the



"KRONA" AT TROMSUND

garden in bloom with pansies, bear's-ears, and tulips, the place shines from afar in the summer sun and fairly invites a visit. "Here it is good to be," it seems to say. See the master pilot on the wharf, where he is tarring his boat, how placid he looks, and how he enjoys himself. And see his

neighbor on the steps, how happily he potters with his net—he is even humming a little song.

But on the lookout back of the houses sits the Custom man with a huge spyglass and gazes out to sea and sucks his beard, as his throat grows drier day by day; for, whatever the reason may be, it has often been noticed that the Custom man is very reluctant to drink water. And the cat lies on the scullery steps with her paws tucked well in under her or on the roof of the spring-house over by the willow

tree, which turns its silver-green leaves in the breeze.

On such a summer day along the reefs, the harbor is the pleasantest place in the world. The houses and gardens smile toward one, the rocky crags lie and bask in the sun with their flecks of moss and their juniper bushes, their heather and their gray lichens. There is friendliness all about, everything radiates well-being and good humor. "Clap, clap," say the flag-halliards, as they slap gently against the staffs and talk with each other across the roofs. And the old men of the port sit out on the steps and warm their stiffened bodies in the sun, and they too hold converse with each other.



SÖRLAND TYPES—THE OLD MAN IS GETTING READY FOR THE LOBSTER FISHING WITH THE CHILDREN AS INTERESTED OBSERVERS

"He's fine to-day," they say, and they smack their lips and taste the air and look straight ahead with red-rimmed eyes. "It really livens one up again. I think I'll try a little walk."

And then they brace themselves with their sticks, draw their legs up under them, and kick out as hard as they can. Somehow or other, they get to their feet and hobble off, taking short steps and keeping a good grip on the palings, in case the legs should give out.

"Good morning, Grandpa," says a voice from a window. "You're quite a spring chicken to-day."

"Oh yes, it goes. It goes."

But outside lies the sea and dozes, lies there loafing and splashing about the islands, and it too is in a summer mood.

The skerries are the land of summer.

#### IV

The sea hereabouts is rich with life; there is cod and ling and pollack and coalfish, there is haddock and flounder and eel—and whiting in the bays, and sea trout and salmon. There is herring, too, sometimes, sprats and fat winter herring, and all are objects of the fisherman's quest.

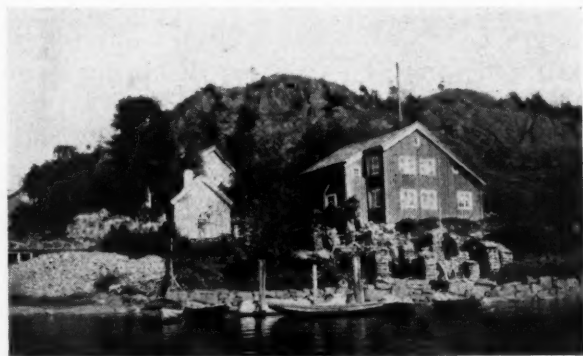
A great many cod and haddock are fished here, the first usually with hooks or bow-nets, the others usually with artificial bait out on the shoals, where they swim in great schools. Some salmon is caught also, but the Sörland's most important fish is the mackerel. Along with the lobster fishery, this gives the greatest annual income and is the most profitable industry.

The mackerel comes to the coast in the spring, when the water begins to grow warm, comes in great wandering schools. This is the real fishing season; it is now that the driftnet is used. The fishing boats sail out toward evening, five, six or more from the same port. They stand out to sea like a real fleet, while the sun sinks over the land back of them, and the blue dusk rolls in over the horizon and silently and imperceptibly wraps its folds about them. As soon as they think they are far enough out, that they have reached the fishing ground itself, they begin to put out the nets. The halliards are let go, the mainsail is taken in, and the flag buoy is placed in the water,

and with the boat under foresail only, the nets are carefully cast into the sea, fathom after fathom, until it seems that there is no end to them. The boat just barely manages to drag along, slackening speed every minute. At last the foresail is taken in, and the boat is dragged by the net with the current, which is



A TYPICAL SKERRY HOUSE AT ULVÖSUND



BØDKER BAY NEAR ARENDAL



THE YOUNGER GENERATION OUT BOAT-RIDING

sometimes quite swift. The net stretches out on the lee side, and makes a wide bend which travels stealthily through the water to entangle the wandering schools of fish.

Now and then a deep roar is heard—perhaps the fishermen have seen a steamer and, to warn it away from their nets, they blow huge shells from which the tip has been broken off. The tone is approximately that of a lur except that it is much harder and has greater carrying power. The fishermen have also beacon fires in pots which hang from a sort of davit by the rail and burn the whole night through. As darkness comes on, there are more and more of them, some bobbing near the horizon like red, smoking stars, others flickering near by with unsteady shifting flame, which makes a streak of light on the water. Silently hour after hour goes by, and the whole time the fishing fleet with its lanterns and beacons drifts along the coast in the ocean current outside the reefs, outside the lights, far out beyond the farthest channel.

He who approaches the coast on such a spring night will see a row of lights before his vessel's bow long before he sees land. They lie there and twinkle in the sea as the swell rises and falls, while in between a single lighthouse sends sharp, intermittent flashes into the night.



It is the Sörland's drift-net fishery on watch at sea for the mackerel, a bit of floating Norway that is worthy of one's attention—industrious, frugal, quiet, patient . . .

## V

The native of Sörland is not hard by nature. Neither is there anything boisterous about him. He goes his way quietly and sedately. The restlessness of the age, its speed, its hurry, is not in him. On the contrary, there is something dilatory about him, a certain heaviness and sluggishness, which he himself acknowledges and can speak of with irony directed against himself—"Come later with the slow-pokes," is the way he puts it, making proverbs about himself. He is, as a rule, friendly by nature and gives an impression of being well-mannered and refined, and this is especially true of the people who dwell along the chain of skerries. Anything that is rough, or brutal, or pushing is foreign to his character. There is rather something pliant about him, something peaceable and yielding which makes a stranger think that he has to do with an unusually manageable nature. But let him test it, try to take advantage of it, and see how far he gets. The stranger soon notes that the yielding is only apparent, that it is like a net which gives and stretches but still makes a tough resistance and cannot be penetrated, no matter how hard one pushes.



IN THE EDGE OF THE OCEAN—SEA-SCoured RUBBLE-STONES CLOSE SET

It is just this toughness which is the Sörlænding's strength and the leaven of his whole character. It makes him difficult to handle, too, and often causes him to be contrary and intractable in little things, refractory and peculiar to the point of foolishness. He has in many things a passive nature, prone to wait, to avoid the issue, and to be over-cautious.

The Sörlænding is not less upright than the native of eastern Norway, but he is less open and more on guard against himself. He seldom yields to any feeling, nor has he in his veins the hot blood that is necessary for passionate devotion to a cause. His is not the warm embrace, the firm handclasp that have been characteristic of such men as Björnson. The god of the Sörlænding is not Thor, but rather Odin—Odin of the single eye, Odin with the raven on his shoulder. Thor hustles too much. He is always on the go with his goat team, always busy with his hammer. Thor is too quick in emergencies, too impulsive, too rough, too abrupt. The Sörlænding cannot quite make such a person out. He would be ashamed to go ahead in such a manner. Directness is not in his line, and he is by nature bashful. He smiles a bit at the easterner's free-and-easy manner, his confident, open bearing, and is often disagreeably affected by it.

Because of this shyness and aversion to action, this fear of committing himself, the Sörlænding impresses one as being less of a man than he really is. However, caution is a virtue, and even if the Sörlænding overdoes it, he still has the virtue. It is quite another matter that all this caution can become wearisome and irritating. One is unable to get hold of the man, one is never on confidential terms with him, and one is never able to get a matter settled and decided so that it is finished once for all. Altogether, the Sörlænding is more reserved than the native of eastern Norway and lives a more isolated life. He prefers to keep his street door locked; if a stranger wishes to enter, he is expected to go round by the side porch door, wipe his feet carefully on the mat, and take his time about stating his business. Back stairs and back ways play important rôles in the temperament and life of the Sörländer. It is a real politician's trait, and he is a born politician.

With all this the Sörlænding is also a born humorist and here I come to a trait of his to which I give first place, his remarkable sense of humor. It is not the noisy, boisterous, coarse humor, but it is quiet and sly, so that a superficial person often fails to notice it, and it is often delicately ironical.

This is all the more remarkable because nature in his part of the country is at times so hard as to be really oppressive, and because the Sörlænding is a pietist, and his religion is gloomy and austere. Scarcely any place in our country has the lay preacher had such free

*Photograph by Wilse*

TJÖRVE ON THE STONY WINDSWEEP PLAIN AT LISTER

access as here. It is really the lay preacher, and not the pastor, who guides the people and is their true spiritual shepherd and the leader of their religious life. It is therefore all the more remarkable that such a fund of good, sound humor can thrive and grow and send out new shoots here where the lay preacher has preached Hell fire since the time of Hauge, and where up to a generation ago, the blackest superstition rode the people like a nightmare.

Since, in spite of this, it still lives and thrives, it is evident that it is deeply rooted in the people, that it is vigorous and tough and real. There are people here who say something amusing almost every time they open their mouths, and who in their picturesque language are incredibly clever in hitting the bull's-eye.

It is a curious fact that, in spite of his sense of humor, the Sörländing has little appreciation of the value of humor. For over a hundred years he has been disciplined to keep the world and the things of the world at a distance—to avoid everything that savors of merriment, and to root it out like a poisonous weed. The discipline has not been wholly successful, but it has been able to instil in him a certain fear or contempt of humor, as for something that is not quite proper and not fitting for respectable people. He keeps it, as it were, at arm's length, as if he said: "Don't repeat this; don't tell any one that I

said it." He fears that it might come out that he is not quite so serious-minded as he would like people to believe. He wants to look like a prayer book and be accounted an earnest man—the common man's ideal is the lay preacher with a spectacle case in his pocket, a satchel full of austere Bible texts, and with a plush hat on his head. At times he appears to be actually ashamed when he has forgotten himself for a moment and has let his humor have free rein. It is as if he suddenly remembers that he ought to be above such things. That sort of thing might do for other people, but he is a sedate and serious man to whom all mirth should be an abomination.

And then the leather-bound prayer book is clapped shut and says: "Away with such nonsense!"

I was once taken to task by a coast-dweller here. Was I not ashamed to write as I did, to play pranks at my age, to put funny yarns in books? Was there no earnestness in me, and would I never grow up and write about proper things?

I tried to defend myself, remarking that Holberg was a serious person in spite of the fact that he wrote comedies and such things.

But my coast-dweller had no knowledge of Holberg, so there was no use going further on that tack.

"But how about Jörgen Moe?" said I. "He was Bishop in Kristiansand, and he surely must have been a serious man. Think of the stories he wrote—the one about the boy who had an eating race with a troll; the one about the smith whom they dared not let into Hell; the one about the Devil in the nut; and many others. They are even in the school readers—"

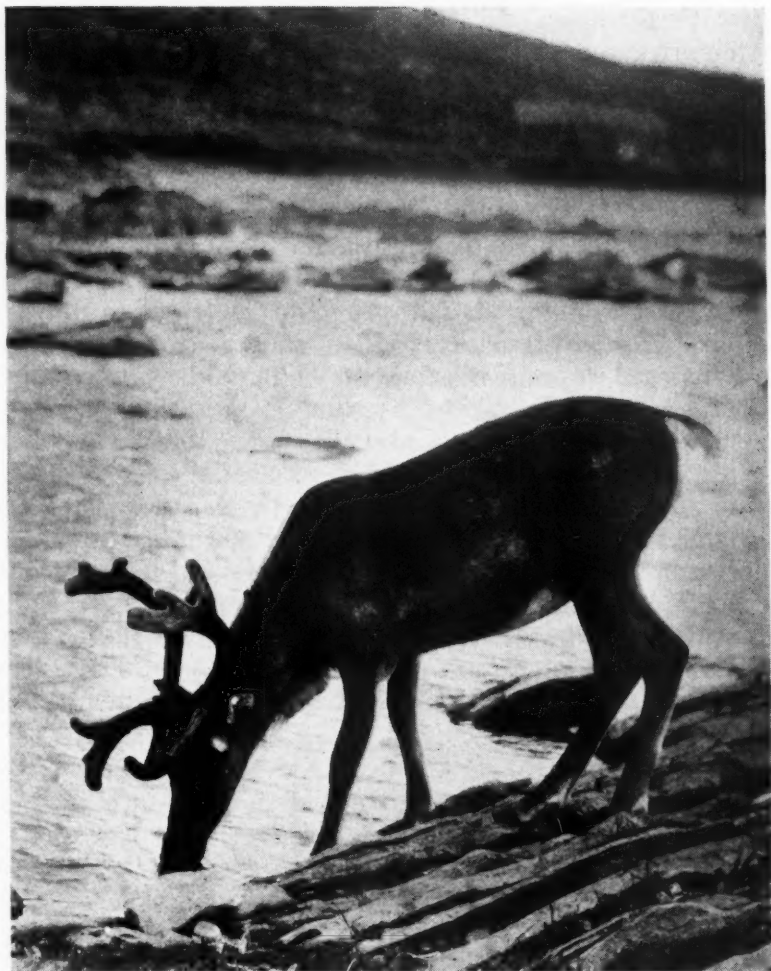
I was not permitted to finish.

"If Jörgen Moe really has written such stuff as that, then all I've got to say is that it was not well done of a Bishop!"

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The Sörland, meaning literally the Southland, comprises the extreme southern part of Norway. Its extent and boundaries have been matters of controversy. Originally it meant the so-called "Soft coastal strip," the part of the coast where people use the soft consonants. For reasons of convenience it has latterly been made to include the entire south coast from Risør in the east to Stavanger in the west together with the valleys of Siredalen, Mandal, Setesdalen, and others. Along the coast is a string of small cities, Tvedestrand, Arendal, Grimstad, Lillesand, Kristiansand, Mandal, Farsund, Flekkefjord, Sogndal, Egersund, Sandnes. The Sörland has furnished a very large quota of the emigrants that have left Norway to seek their fortunes in the United States, but it is a remarkable fact that so many of them have gone back. In the census of 1920 there were counted more than twelve thousand returned Americans in the Sörland, a proportion that is probably without parallel in Norway.





WILD REINDEER

## Valdres and Hallingdal: 'Twin Valleys

BY MIKKJEL FÖNHUS

**I**N THE world of snow and ice up on Fillefjell and up under the Hardanger glacier, two streams begin their long and trackless journey to the sea. They run over naked rock, through tangled birch woods; they hurl themselves over steep precipices, race and boil through black gorges, and murmur through light fir barrens and dark pine forests. In the course of this journey they dig two great valleys through the rugged body of the land, and these two valleys, Valdres and Hallingdal, are in many respects so similar that I will call them the Twin Valleys. If I picture the one, then I shall, in broad strokes, have pictured the other also.

A landscape is music, and it may be pitched in various keys, from the most colorful major to the somberest minor. Such is Valdres; such is Hallingdal.

There is a light and airy tone to these upper districts toward the mountain height, where the snow cap and the glaciers shine like silver under the summer sun. There are sounds as of a violin played by a troll in the dark forests far out in the valleys, with hidden mountain pastures and a waterfall roaring mysteriously, invisible in the depths of the forest.

We come on a summer day down from Fillefjell, following the river Begna's first tiny trickle from its source up in the Utrovatn. In toward the east we sense Jotunheim's blue and white cloud realm, where we know lakes Tyin and Bygdin lie mirroring summits and peaks in their glacier-green mountain waters. There vast herds of domesticated reindeer wander over the mountain crests, their horns like a living forest toward the sky. There the Uranos glacier flashes its white flame toward the blue summer sky; and there, in the wildest secret places of the mountains, are deep hollows where men seldom come, where a brook from the peak above hangs out over the side into the empty air, vanishes into a mist and bedews the naked rock-strewn bottom of the mountain caldron . . . A wild reindeer, one of the few remaining, may find its way there where peace and soli-



THE KOLDEDAL PEAKS SEEN FROM LAKE TYIN

tude seems to have crept in and hidden themselves. And there the reindeer stands with his sensitive nostrils toward the wind and his wide-awake ears pricked up to hear the faintest sound of life—man fares in the mountains, and man is evil and dangerous. But in there the reindeer is left in peace. In the cold, hard mountain of the Jotuns may be heard the boom of calving glaciers; an avalanche may thunder; an eagle may send its greedy cry out over the narrow valleys. In there it is as if the pulse of eld still faintly beats.

It is thus we sense Jotunheim back of the mountain barrier in the east. But now we shall go where people dwell, they who are not able to live like the reindeer and the wildfowl, but have taken refuge down in the valley, where the earth yields to the tilth of toiling hands and gives something in return for the sun's warmth and the gentle rain.

Here lie the uppermost farms in Vang; they have crept away up under wild Jotunheim, and they are not afraid. It is green there, green and luxuriant up under the mountain walls which give shelter against the severe storms from the north while they gather the heat of the sun and give it out again. Here is neither fir nor pine; only a little cowed and wind-bent birch. The houses bear the mark of this lack of trees. The lumber for them has been hauled from far out in the valley, and the houses are no larger than is absolutely necessary; they just barely suffice.

Just the same, it is good to huddle in one of these little houses when the winter storm comes rushing down like a day of doom from Jotunheim. But the people here are capable of weathering a mountain storm, even without creeping into a house; they do not lie down and let themselves freeze into eternity at the first gust of wind. Many a time have they battled with the mountain for their lives, and won. Many a time has a ptarmigan hunter used the last of his strength to dig himself down in a snowdrift when he saw no other way of escape; and there he has sat and flailed his arms and stamped his feet while over his head the blizzard raged itself out.

But it has happened also that the man who went up the mountain never came down again. They found him, perhaps, some time after, with his skis set on end in the snow as a guide for those who sought him; or a shoe or an arm might be sticking up from the snow. Sometimes they never found him. The mountain has grim relics which it never gives up.

Yet the mountain is not always a clenched fist toward those who have taken refuge under it; it can also be a gentle and caressing hand. There lies the little sæter, its blue smoke rising peacefully in the July day. It is dead calm and warm, so warm that the air quivers. The cattle are off in a mountain glade, the cows' tails swinging and striking at the gnats. The buzz of flies is in the air, there is a chirping



ON A SÆTER IN VALDERS

of thrushes from the juniper bushes, and down in the mountain tarn plays the trout. Is this the same mountain which in the winter threw its ice-cold arms about that man who fought his way against the storm and at last sank down and mumbled the Lord's Prayer before he entered his last sleep?

Hard is the mountain; hardy are its people. The mountain can be gentle, and its people can be gentle and warm-hearted. They can be as simple and as easily contented as the mountain itself. From their herds they obtain most of what they need; it is the cattle that convert the products which the farms and the mountain pastures yield, and it is the cattle that bring into the community the money which even the most independent and easily satisfied mountain peasant must have. Besides there is, of course, fish and game on the mountain.

We go farther down the valley, down to the fifteen-mile-long Vangsmjösa which tradition declares to be so deep; one time they tied together so many ropes that they went seven times round Vang church, but even with this rope they were unable to reach bottom. Here along Vangsmjösa the valley is broader, and north and south of the church out on the point there lies, as if washed up by the waves, an attractive little settlement, with wider, roomier farms. And above





SKOSTAD, FAR UP UNDER THE VALDERS MOUNTAINS

the farms lie the birch-clad slopes so green and soft, like green, undulating gardens up toward the foot of Grindefjell, with its bare head white with snow. Vangsmjösa lies smooth and clear as glass and takes it all in its embrace—the mountain and the houses, the glacier streams which hang out over the mountain side like silver ropes, like bright strings giving forth such music that it is as if the mountain wall were a mighty harp.

Strange as it may seem, it is here in Vang that we find the granary of Valdres, and it is here that the people have managed best during the killing rebound from the high state of the market. Here there are no very rich people, and no really poor. Worldly goods are divided about equally among them all. Here the people have had comparatively little part in the wartime mania for speculation, and so it is also in the upper mountain districts of Hallingdal.

The mirror of Vangsmjösa, there between Grindefjell and Skudshödn, now fades from sight; we come out into Western Slidre, and now the valley shows an entirely new face; all that is naked and wild and weatherbeaten is gone; instead comes a smiling and luxuriant landscape with long lines of pine-clad ridges, and great farms along the slope and the forest-wreathed fjord.

*Photograph by Wilsø*

A CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF THE AURDAL ROAD AT FJELDEHEIM

At once we see that easier circumstances have set their mark upon the people. Here they are not so hardy and agile as the people of Vang, who are forced to seek their living among steep and pathless mountains. The native of Slidre is himself aware of this, and he has a saying which goes something like this: When a Slidring is fifty years old, a Vangsgjelding (native of Vang) is only thirty.

And the same may be said of the people of Aurdal out by Strandedfjord, when one compares them with the people of Vang.

It is the fjords that give the landscape of North Valdres its individual character—those shining silver patches at the bottom of the valley which capture the sun's first rays and take the color of blood under the red evening sky. The fjords are the valley's great, shining eyes, mirrors of nature, just as our bodily eyes are mirrors of the soul.

The fjords are also an important link in that machinery which must always be kept going; the daily struggle for subsistence. In the fjord are trout, fresh-water herring, and perch—wealth which bears interest annually without the toil that the earth demands. Here one needs only to harvest; it is not necessary to sow—if only one does not harvest too much.

The fjords . . . There they lie almost linked one to the other,

Slidrefjord, Strandefjord, Aurdalsfjord; and up in the side valley of Eastern Slidre, fjord after fjord. This lovely play of water it is that makes Valdres the valley of valleys. Gudbrandsdal impresses one as being dried out in comparison with Valdres. It is, in a way, mightier, with grander lines, but it is more monotonous; it has not such a generous depth of tone.

When we come to South Valdres, to South Aurdal, it is as if we come into a quite different valley. From Aurdalsfjord the river Begna bursts through Böleskleivdn, a forest-grown mountain gorge several hundred meters deep, a sort of Norwegian canyon, a primitive landscape to which Valdres has no equal in dark, wild beauty.

The valley becomes narrow; the narrowest part of Valdres is this through Southern Aurdal; it is merely a little, crooked rift between high, forest-clad mountain knobs; the sides of the mountain squeeze the bottom of the valley between them so that in some places it is no more than two or three hundred meters wide. But here the river is so changeable, so full of life, so rich in fantasy, with stretches where it is wildly boisterous, and with dark musing pools; the river is the very soul of this part of the valley; its gentle murmur is the quiet breathing of the valley; the river is that mighty horse which every year bears thousands of rafts of timber, the valley's greatest wealth, southward to the factories in the level districts out toward the sea.

In Southern Aurdal it is the forest that is the heart of trade—cultivated land exists only as small, light patches in the forest. The forest is the breast from which the South Aurdaling draws his mother milk. In the forest he lives his whole life. The forest sighs over him as he is borne to his last rest. Heavy, strong, and tough forest folk are they of South Aurdal, widely different from those who dwell up under Jotunheim, who are light-footed and agile as the reindeer.

With South Aurdal Valdres comes to an end. Soon begin the level districts. They are like a long drawn out hymn tune in comparison with the frolicsome *springdans* of the mountain valley.

But if we go from Valdres, about thirty English miles to the west, we see another valley, a Valdres number two, only with less marked differences in nature and in the customs of the people. That is Hallingdal.

Here there is the same gradual transition from mountain district to forest district, from Gjeilo and Hol up there under Hallingskarvet to the narrow, melancholy forest valley out toward Flaa and Kröderen. There are not so many fjords here in Hallingdal, and the valley is perhaps a bit more uniform than Valdres. But fjords there are. Holsfjord reminds one of Volbufjord in Eastern Slidre; the districts about Kröderen are as fair and luxuriant as those of Strandefjord in Northern Aurdal.

The Halling is as lively and agile as the man of North Valdres. The Halling will become winded no more quickly than the man of Vang or of Eastern Slidre, who fares in the Jotunheim mountain region.

If you travel through Hallingdal, you will see that crofts and farms have clawed themselves fast to the almost perpendicular sides of the valley; they hang there between heaven and earth. In some places the people live as in eagles' nests. What toilsome effort it must require to clamber up there from the bottom of the valley with a heavy burden on the back, goods which one must needs obtain from the storekeeper down below. No, the Halling has no dead flesh in his legs, and the origin of the *Hallingdans* is easily understood.\*

As in Valdres, the industries range from cattle-raising, hunting and fishing in the northern districts to agriculture and forestry in the districts farthest south. And the temperament of the Halling changes with the changing natural surroundings.

Halling and Valdres . . .

If a group from Hallingdal and another from Valdres were to go to some distant part of the country, the people who lived there would find it difficult to believe that they did not all come from the same valley. The speech is somewhat the same; their temperaments are similar; the costumes for the greater part of the young people are the same, and manners and customs are, on the whole, similar enough.

In both valleys there have been rich well-springs of tale and legend, and both valleys have created some of the best-known folk music we have in our country, especially Valdres. *Rötneims-Knut* and *Fanittullen* from Hallingdal, and *Tomasklukkelaatn* and *Langeberglaaten* from Valdres have all been widely heard from the instruments of well-known Hardanger violinists.\*\*

The genius of Grieg drew from the music of Valdres when he created some of his most famous compositions. The composer Svendsen has likewise drawn upon the music of Valdres. Lindemann, on his travels through Valdres in 1848, collected many valuable melodies, and from Valdres the still living, well-known Hardanger violinist, Olav Moe, has with his violin brought the music of Valdres even over to America.

Of ballads there have not been so many in these two valleys, but

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\*The Halling or Hallingdans is the most famous of Norwegian peasant dances. It is a solo dance for men, and the expert dancer is as proud of his grace and elegance as of his acrobatic stunts. The Hallingkast requires him to make a high jump in which he kicks a cap held up on a stick and then lands on the floor with both feet.

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\*\*The Hardanger violin, or fele, is the finest musical instrument of the Norwegian peasant, and Hardanger violinists are famous. The instrument has eight strings, and by a peculiar method of tuning is capable of producing the weird moods suited to the wild music of the people.





USTAOSET IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS OF HALLINGDAL

*Photograph by Neupert*

of rhymes, such as cradle songs, goatherds' songs, comic songs, both Valdres and Hallingdal have had a great many.

In the ancient Norwegian peasant art of woodcarving Hallingdal has quite other things to show than Valdres. In the Hallingdal Museum at Nesby you will find a large collection of artistically formed utensils, saddles, church sleighs, mangles, cupboards . . . The Valdres Museum at Fagernes is thrown quite in the shade in this respect.

So also in architecture. If you are up in a side valley of Hallingdal, for example in Votndal, there can be no doubt in your mind that you are anywhere else in Norway than precisely in Hallingdal. There you stand in the original long and low Halling houses, with beamed ceilings, with the sleeping loft open to the main room, with colorful "rose-painting," and old artistic cupboards. And over the ridge of the roof the chimneys are noticeably high—that is because the houses are so low that the chimneys must be built high in order to draw. And then we have the ancient stave churches of Hallingdal—the finest of them, that from Gol, now stands in the Norwegian People's Museum in Oslo.

In Valdres there is now but little architecture peculiar to the district. But there are some stave churches also there. That at Reinli in Southern Aurdal is certainly one of the most beautiful in the



THE STAVE CHURCH FROM GOL

country so far as architecture is concerned.

The people of Valdres have wholly discarded their old distinctive costume, but in Hallingdal it is still found, at all events among the older people. Valdres is, on the whole, more affected by the tourist stream than Hallingdal; and the former valley has also been longer under the influence of travelers from the cities. Hallingdal lay more out of the way up to the time when the Bergen Railway made connection between the capital and Bergen and permitted a flood of travelers to stream through the valley and branch out into the mountains, but now the old picture of the valley is being rapidly and steadily erased. So it goes

wherever the railway eats its way in; the painting over with city customs and city culture can never be stopped.

But if we look at the fundamental traits of the peoples' character, then I think that both these two valleys may still be said to retain their individualities.

In Valdres there is a proverb which says that you can coax a Valdres, but never bully him. So too it is with the Halling. He is obstinate and hard to bend. In the old days neither Halling nor Valdres said "No, thank you" when there was question of a fight; for both are full of the spirit of rivalry. The old-fashioned weddings, which lasted days, seldom ended without fists being brandished; it was at such a wedding in Hemsedal—a side valley to Hallingdal proper—that the wild dance *Fanitullen* came into being.

At Midsummertide Halling and Valdres met at dances up in the mountains. There was the Raudal dance between Gol and Bang, and there was the "Vaset" dance between Gol and Aurdal. These dances were wild and rough. The Halling girls usually brought with them material for bandages, for the dance seldom ended without knives being used.

At these meetings the people traded horses, raced, drank, danced and fought. The honor of the valleys was borne by their greatest

fighters. It was at a "Raudal" dance that Rötneims-Knut, the bully boy from Hallingdal, appeared, he about whom the song of the same name was written. And yet, with all the roughness, there was a peculiar romantic spirit over these mountain dances; the blaze of the bonfires in the blue summer night over the brown mountain, the neighing of spirited stallions, the play of the firelight on richly colored costumes, shouts and laughter, the thud of stamping feet on the ground—and through it all the stirring music of the fiddles.

This was, in spite of everything, Norwegian folk life, Norwegian summer, Norwegian mountains.

Nor is the spirit of rivalry gone from the Valdres and the Halling, even though it does not express itself so violently as in fist fights and wrestling matches. They bear it with them wherever they go, for the men of these two valleys are not of those who willingly let others get ahead of them. Clever traders they are both known to be, and it makes itself felt whether they fare over the low-lying districts with droves of cattle or whether they are placed at the head of some big business in the city. Up in Alaska there is a man who is called the "Reindeer King." He owns reindeer worth vast sums. Furthermore, he has bought Wrangel Island in the Arctic Ocean in order to carry on the raising of reindeer there. The man's name is Lomen. He is from the district of Lomen in North Valdres.



PEASANT WOMEN OF HALLINGDAL

The energy and tenacity and the instinct to go ahead which the mountain and forest life has given these valley dwellers as an inheritance comes to the surface even if they are transplanted into other conditions of life or into climes quite different from the valley of their fathers.

A trait of inestimable value is that love and pride of family, using the word in a tribal sense, and that almost religious respect for the family acres which the Valdres and the Halling have preserved so well. Down in the lowlands respect for the land has diminished most deplorably. In many places the farms are mere articles of commerce. But the Halling or the Valdres who is forced to leave the old family acres does it with tears in his eyes; and the family does not spare itself when it is a question of helping one of its members to keep the farm. The family is like an organism. If one member suffers a hurt, the pain is felt over the whole body of the race, and the shame of one is in many ways the shame of the entire family.

But this family feeling often holds a man erect when otherwise he would crumple up and fall. It makes for responsibility, and it makes for the ability to sacrifice. The feeling of unity with the land, of responsibility toward it, is perhaps one of the forces that will help most to heal the wounds that the war years have inflicted even up in the forests and mountains.

Times change, and people with them. The valley people too, the Hallings and the Valdres folk. They are now no longer living in that dim imaginary world of hulder and nisse and troll. The Aasgard riders no longer storm through the blizzardy winter nights toward Christmas. No longer is the Nixie heard playing in the roar of the waterfall.

It is true the forest, the mountain, and the people as well, have become poorer by this; the wilderness is no longer the sparkling well of folk poetry and mysticism, which meant so much and gave the prosiest everyday life a romantic tinge. The fantasy-waking twilight which once rested over the forest and the mountain has been dissipated by the clear day of enlightenment.

But even an abstract thing may change its form and still be preserved. Mysticism has not yet vanished from the forests and mountains of Valdres and Hallingdal. The summer night still wears a mysterious veil of blue, the waterfall still roars like a mill of the trolls there in the dark depths of the forest, the black-cock still drums in the spring night, faintly, like a mystic conspiracy.

On moonlight winter nights the forests and the mountains lie like a dream vision of another and purer existence, and from mountain rim to mountain rim the sky spans its arched bridge glittering with stars.

*Illustrations by courtesy of Norwegian Government Railways.*





Trygve Hammer

## A Dream of the Fiords

By MABEL S. MERRILL

*THEY* call to me, half of a world away,  
To me who never have seen the face  
Of a sea-girt mountain, stark and gray,  
Touched with the waterfalls' silver grace.

For me, the child of another clime,  
The high blue glacier shines in the snow,  
And under the cliffs at eventime,  
Warm and living, the home lights glow.

At the foot of the rocks my dream-boat lies,  
Safe as a swan in a quiet pool,  
But over my head a sea bird cries,  
And the wind is the sea's breath, sharp and cool.

Tides of the ocean are stern and strong,  
Savage and wild the gray cliff soars,  
But in cozy homes there is mirth and song;  
Children play at the cottage doors.

Magical realms where my dream-boat plies,  
Always to you my thoughts will stray;  
Though I see you never with waking eyes,  
You call to me, half of a world away!



TOWER COMMEMORATING THE ONE THOUSANDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF TÖNSBERG

## Vestfold

*Home of Ancient and Modern Vikings*

BY THEO. FINDAHL

AT THE head of the Oslofjord, just where it opens into the Skagerak, on the western shores of it, lie the sunny plains of Vestfold, one of the districts of Norway first inhabited and cultivated by man, and more especially one of the places whence the vikings at the dawn of Western civilization swarmed across the seas in their tiny craft, like "red birds of the sea" as an Arabian legend tells.

It is a very popular but strangely erroneous idea that vikings generally originated in some dreary dwelling-place among savage rocks, swept by storms and icy winds from glaciers, and lit by the fantastic glare of the midnight sun. It would seem plausible that enterprising youth should wish to escape as far as possible from such extraordinarily depressing surroundings, but things are not so easily explained. The nature of Vestfold flatly contradicts any purely materialistic conception of the viking raids. Geologically and in scenery, Vestfold remains the same to-day as a thousand years ago; a series of rich, fertile plains, broken by gay beech and birch forests, and ranges of low, spruce-covered hills. It is a land of abundant vegetation; conditions for agriculture are excellent, and the climate is remarkably

mild, bearing much likeness to that of Denmark and England. Being far to the south of the polar circle, its summers are not abnormally light, nor are the winters abnormally dark. The scenery has nothing of the extravagance and the dramatic changes that distinguish some parts of Norway, nor has its atmosphere anything of the dreaminess and unreality, the mystery and gloom, characteristic of the land of the midnight sun. Vestfold is just a very normal and sane place to live in, an open, broad flat-land, washed by the smooth waters of the fjord and refreshed by the gentle breezes of the Skagerak. Its inhabitants are neither distracted in the pursuit of their daily work nor depressed in mood by overwhelming grandeur of scenery. All Vestfold is a country of snug orderliness and reasonable proportions, but at the same time it possesses the charm of wide plains and open seas, the lure of far horizons and great vistas.

The spirit born out of this landscape is one of order and unity, one of reason and common sense, one of action and enterprise. Its children are not so much likely to develop into sublime creators in the realm of music, literature, and arts, as into strong, practical men of action. And so it has always been in fact. The same spirit that was embodied in the daring vikings and sturdy cultivators of land in the past again breaks forth in the adventurous sailors and whalers, the enterprising though matter-of-fact business men of to-day. The viking soul of Vestfold has never died.



ON THE STONY PLAINS OF VESTFOLD

The kings of Vestfold early developed a spirit of independence and an ambition for wider rule. They were in all probability the first in Norway to hear of the fame of Charlemagne, and dominating the wide plains at the gate of the Oslofjord, they were in a geographical position singularly favorable to the consummation of their dreams of conquest. It was from Vestfold, from the descendants of its ancient kings, that the power which was to unify Norway was destined to spring. Harold Fairhair, who gathered all Norway under his rule in 872, was the son of Halvdan Svarte, king of Vestfold.

This old kingdom comprised a little more land than what is now known as Vestfold, which is the smallest *fylke* of Norway, though the one most densely populated. As a whole it has the character of an agricultural and to some extent industrial district of a very modern aspect. The railroad line Oslo-Skien traverses the total length of the county; its numerous and good roads are much trafficked by motor buses running in all directions. Everywhere carefully cultivated meadows, cornfields, potato fields, gardens and orchards are seen; there are dairies and poultry farms run on up-to-date principles. High tension wires from hydro-electric power stations span all Vestfold, and every farm is equipped with electric light. Everything seems new and fresh—but of its rich past Vestfold has pre-



THE OSEBERG SHIP AS IT WAS FOUND



served very few monuments. The opening of ancient gravemounds at Gokstad near Sandefjord, in 1889, and Oseberg near Tönsberg, in 1904, indeed revealed the most precious treasures of viking civilization that all Scandinavia pos-

sesses, the two famous viking ships, at present stored in a museum in Oslo, both of them owing their preservation to the blue clay in which they were imbedded.



THE CHATEAU OF JARLSBERG

The deep soil of Vestfold may contain still more monuments of the past; there are secrets left to be unveiled, mounds left for historians to excavate. On its surface, however, the county has surprisingly few traces of ancient times. Some bauta stones, some old churches may be worth while seeing, and so is certainly the beautiful chateau of Jarlsberg, magnificently situated on a hill dominating large plains, in the very heart of Vestfold, in fact on the site of the gaard of the viking kings, Sem (Sæheim, literally Sea-home). The estate of Jarlsberg has been from 1684 till now in the possession of the family of Wedel-Jarlsberg. With its fine eighteenth century architecture, its great park and long shady lanes, the present building reminds us strikingly of the great noble mansions of Denmark from the same period, and is without comparison the best preserved specimen of its kind to be seen in Norway.

The military traditions of Vestfold are maintained by Horten, the main naval base of Norway. The Norwegian navy of to-day may be said to date from the times of the Napoleonic wars. At that period the ties between Norway and Denmark loosened, and Norway had to fight the naval wars against Sweden and Great Britain alone. The achievements of the small navy with its tiny craft were quite remarkable and worthy of praise. Even to-day the navy is insignificant in size compared to the immense merchant marine of the country and to Norway's general importance as a seafaring nation. In 1912 the Storting had voted 20 million kroner for two coastal battleships, one submarine, and a dockyard. The battleships were built in England, the submarine in Germany, but none of them were finished when the World War broke out in 1914, and they never reached Norway. Since the war the votes for the navy have been small, "partly," according to the Norway Year Book, "on account of hopes

for general disarmament, partly in awaiting the proposals of a committee for the reorganization of the national defenses. In the meantime no ships have been ordered, and training has been confined to the minimum."

No wonder, therefore, that Horten does not strike the visitor as a very martial-looking place. The situation on the Oslofjord is very charming and so are the surroundings, the Borre parish with its old church and new model farms, the great meadows descending to the bay of Aasgaardstrand, a well-known summer resort. The city itself has the aspect of a large friendly village with most of its houses half hidden among the trees of ample gardens, its quiet streets resembling country roads. Horten is but a poor business place, being a typical "government town," the residence of officials, and solely depending on naval administration for its existence.

The commercial centre and economic capital of Vestfold is Tönsberg, or Tunsberg, as it has also been called, generally known as the oldest town of Norway, dating from the time of Harold Fairhair. Vestfold, however, can boast of having possessed a town still older, Skiringssal, near the present Larvik, the first market and trading port of importance that Norway has ever seen. But while no trace is left of the latter, Tönsberg still flourishes on its old site. For two hundred years it remained the only town on the coast of southern Norway. It is often mentioned in the sagas and was noted for its prosperity. At that remote time it most likely was a very picturesque and quaint place like all early mediæval Norse towns, with dark timber houses along narrow lanes, orchards, and gardens, the busy port with its multicolored vessels, the whole dominated by its seven churches and several monasteries and in the background the Castle Hill, "Slotsfjeldet" with its fortress and royal dwellings. This hill is not much of a "fjell," according to Norwegian ideas, being about 200 feet high, but situated as it is in the center of a wide and rich plain, it makes a natural fortress of wonderful efficiency and has played an important rôle in the military history of mediæval Norway. Among the battles fought round about it, none perhaps has been more decisive, for good or evil, of the fate of the kingdom than the one which brought victory to King Sverre and defeat to the "bagler" party of the archbishop and the Roman Catholic church. In the thirteenth century, the age when the old Norse kingdom reached its climax of power, the fortress Tunsberghus, dominating the west side of the Oslofjord, formed part with Baahus dominating the east side, in an elaborate system of defense for Oslo at the bottom of the fjord. Interesting ruins of the fort still remain and have recently been thoroughly investigated by Professor A. W. Brögger.

In 1871, to commemorate the millennial of Tönsberg, a granite tower was erected on the top of the hill, affording a fine view and

containing a collection of antiquities. Of greater interest to the visitor is, however, the whaling museum on the same hill, which, small as it is, nevertheless contains a collection of whaling implements that is unique in its kind.

Modern Tönsberg, a busy and pleasant industrial and commercial town of about 13,000 inhabitants, somewhat old-fashioned with its narrow and winding streets, but neither mediæval nor antique in character, owes its revival largely to one man of genius, Svend Foyn, the man who inaugurated the present form for hunting whales and created the modern industry of whale oil.

The catching of seals, whales, and walrus had in fact been carried on by Norsemen from the earliest times history knows of. Thus the mediæval manuscript, *The King's Mirror*, gives an accurate description of the animals and the methods of hunting them. It seems, however, that people at the time, because of the primitiveness of their implements, were able to catch only the smaller species of whales, the larger ones being described as dangerous to attack and harmful to men. The old Norse whaling was confined to the coastal waters and remained so for centuries. Large scale Norwegian whaling dates from the times of Svend Foyn, who by a number of inventions and a rearrangement of methods made it possible to attack and utilize the huge sea monsters of the fin whale family. Instead of the old rowing boats, he had whaling boats specially constructed for the conditions of the arctic waters. A gun was placed in the bow, from which the animals were shot by his famous "grenade harpoon"—a great improvement on the old hand harpoon or bomb lance—and then the captured animal was towed to the fixed factories that Foyn had established ashore. Here the oil and other products were utilized by systems that have grown more and more scientific year by year. In recognition of the importance of Foyn's work to their town, the citizens of Tönsberg some years ago had a statue of him erected in the main street, near the parish church.

The same "viking" spirit of enterprise, combined with hard matter-of-fact sense and keen business insight, was some decades later still more brilliantly embodied in one of the sons of Tönsberg, Halfdan Wilhelmsen, who died in 1923, one of the most interesting personalities of modern Norway, the creator of the largest ship owning concern of Scandinavia and one of the largest privately owned shipping concerns in the world. Halfdan Wilhelmsen is one of the very few Norwegians who have played a part in the great world of finance. Dr. Harry Fett, the historian, in this respect compared his career to that of a Venetian merchant prince of the Renaissance.

His father, consul Wilhelm Wilhelmsen, was a shipowner and shipbroker at Tönsberg, and business was conducted on a moderate scale, till Halfdan Wilhelmsen entered the firm, at the critical period



AT TJÖME NEAR TÖNSBERG

of transition from sail to steam power. Under his farsighted leadership the business rapidly grew into its present proportions. Nowhere is the history of modern Norwegian shipping more clearly illustrated than in the development of the Wilhelmsen lines—from sail to steam, from steam to motor, from “tramp,” to regular line service. The company now has five great transoceanic lines, operating in all parts of the world. Though the main office is now in Oslo, ships are still registered from Tönsberg, carrying the name of the old Vestfold capital all over the world.

The work of the great pathfinders in business, such as these two men, has opened up wide fields for enterprise and created possibilities of gaining a livelihood for numbers of people. Many of the Vestfold families depending on seamanship and whaling have chosen the large islands, Nöterö and Tjöme, close to Tönsberg, for their homes. Probably very few municipalities in the world have so great a percentage of sailors among their voters. The former most favorably distinguishes itself from the majority of Norwegian communities by the very low tax it imposes upon its citizens, due to the prosperity of the people and the sound sense of its municipal authorities. In fact, Nöterö seems absolutely to ignore the existence of poverty. Its hundreds of villas are all well kept—no huts, no slums are to be found. Its gardens, cultivated by the wives and children of sailors,

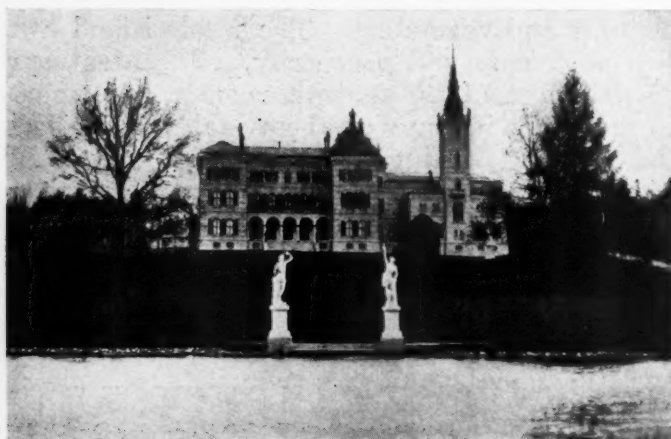


give a rich harvest of fruit and vegetables. The whole island conveys a vivid impression of culture and prosperity, of contentment and security. What a striking contrast to all these snug, cozy homes are then the tales you may hear if you visit them—tales of ice-pack and polar ocean, of shooting and flensing, of fogs and icebergs. And how surprising in these unpretentious homes to find rare things of art, Chinese and Japanese silks and embroideries, furniture and curiosities brought home by sailors from many lands far away.

Still more beautiful, from a tourist point of view, is Tjømø, one side of which is washed by the open sea. It is one of the most popular summer resorts of all Norway. The waters off Tjømø, at the mouth of the Oslofjord, are considered the very best in Norway for yatching, and all summer long the white sails of graceful pleasure yachts enliven the numerous sounds and bays among green islets and red granite cliffs.

Unlike Tönsberg, its neighboring town to the west, Sandefjord, beautifully situated in the midst of a great fertile plain on the fjord of the same name, is quite a young town, a mere upstart, dating from the discovery of sulphur, salt, and iron springs in the thirties of last century. The present town is still newer, practically all Sandefjord having been rebuilt after the great fire in 1900. The thermal establishment of the place has preserved its old renown and still attracts a number of patients. Indeed anybody might find rest and recreation simply by staying in this unusually attractive little town. With its neat, scrupulously clean white wooden houses in old-fashioned gardens, its modern brick buildings along streets regularly and tastefully laid out and shaded by great trees, it has nothing whatsoever about it of the gloom and melancholy that foreigners generally associate with things Norwegian. On the contrary, Sandefjord seems all smiles, all happiness, all gentleness, a home of perfect peace and repose.

Who would believe that this idyllic little community in reality is a place of hard activity and bold enterprise? Such is the fact, however; Sandefjord is at the present time the center of the whaling business and has even in this respect surpassed the "mother city" of that industry, Tönsberg, in importance. The Tönsberg whaling companies of the Svend Foyn era exploited the arctic and northern coastal waters of Norway, gradually expanding into other domains, establishing factories in Iceland, in the Faroes, and later in the Shetland islands, the Hebrides, Ireland, Spitsbergen, and Bear Island. But the bold spirit of young Sandefjord pushed things still further, made whaling into a world wide enterprise, into "big business" as Americans would term it. This profound change in the state of things was brought about in the autumn of 1904, when the first expedition for the South Sea was equipped at Sandefjord. Since then



FRITZSØHUS

systematic whaling has been carried on by companies operating along the coast of East and West Africa, East and West Australia, off Chile and Brazil, and on the Pacific coast of North America. The Norway Year Book estimates the number of whaling companies in 1922

as 17—the bulk of them from Sandefjord, the little white town among green meadows. The Arabian legend of the “red birds” swarming across all seas once more literally has come true.

If Sandefjord, like Nöterö and Tönsberg, enjoys comfort and prosperity, it certainly pays the price for it. But the battlefields where it wins its glories, are remote, and only at intervals, when one of the large floating try-out plants anchor up in the harbor, their crews swarming ashore with a long pent up thirst for pleasure, sometimes degenerating into revelry, some of the noise and glamor of the great outer world resound in its quiet provincial streets.

The two extreme towns of Vestfold, Holmestrand to the north and Larvik to the south, somewhat resemble each other, combining and summing up as it were the characteristics of Vestfold towns. Both of them are shipping places, take an interest in whaling, and are at the same time summer resorts and bathing places. The former is the smaller, prettily situated on the Oslofjord, at the foot of a steep porphyry cliff to which a zig-zag path ascends. Because of its picturesque beauty, Holmestrand has been much visited by painters, and its scenery is rendered on many a canvas.

The two centuries old Larvik has a superb site at the mouth of the river



GUARD-ROOM AT FREDRIKSVERN

Laagen on the slope descending to the Larvik fjord, a large bay widening out into the open sea. It is a town of some industrial activity. It was at Larvik, at Colin Archer's old wharf, that the *Fram* of the Nansen polar expedition was constructed. The woodpulp mills of the town are to a large extent controlled by the Treschow family, residents of Fritzøehus,



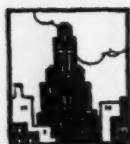
THE CHURCH AT FREDRIKSVERN

an imposing manor in a wide park, erected 1863 on the site of the old chateau of the counts of Laurvigen, which long ago has been ruined by a flood. Like Sandefjord, Larvik has mineral springs and a thermal establishment much visited during the summer season. The streets running inland ascend to the beech forest, the pride of the citizens. As a matter of fact, beeches are very rare in Norway, the climate being too cold for them. The only place where they feel safe is just Vestfold, the ancient home of savage vikings. They never go outside it.

From the hills covered by these slender bright-leaved trees there is a wonderful view of the southernmost part of Vestfold—the wide Larvik bay stretching out towards Fredriksvern, hidden behind hills, with its coastal hospital, its sailors' home and its military training camp where the youngsters from the "Krigsskole" have their summer maneuvers. There too, is the imposing memorial in honor of the many soldiers of the Norwegian merchant marine who lost their lives in the World War. Of them the same words may be said as the New York memorial applied to their American comrades: "They went down to the sea and endured all things without fervor of battle or privilege of fame. They made victory possible and were great without glory."

Still farther away the picturesque beaches of Ula and Nevlung-havn attract numbers of bathers. Just below our feet we see the beautiful Lake Farris its glittering surface dotted with green islands and the railroad line Oslo-Skien running alongside its steep shores in a series of tunnels. Here Vestfold ends. The hills grow steeper, develop into real mountains, and the valleys become narrower. The large, open, ordered and cultivated plains of Vestfold, with its great vistas and far horizons, stop before the romantic, emotional, dreamy, and disordered world of Telemarken.

# CURRENT EVENTS



## U · S · A ·

¶ The Democratic party has been surprised by William G. McAdoo issuing the statement that he was not to be considered a candidate. Political speculation is rife as to whether Mr. McAdoo's influence with regard to a "dry" candidate will have any effect on the Democratic party. ¶ The establishment of headquarters at the Waldorf-Astoria in the interests of former Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, with William H. Crawford national director of publicity for the Lowden movement, foreshadows an attempt to impress the Eastern states with Mr. Lowden's potentiality as a candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket. ¶ An extra session of Congress not being likely, President Coolidge has taken up with Secretary Mellon the possibility of a tax reduction next session to run between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000. ¶ In a survey of the air facilities in the United States, the Department of Commerce finds that there are 864 airports and intermediate landing fields in this country. In this respect Buffalo is conspicuous with a 518-acre airport, equipped at a cost of \$727,255. ¶ It is no longer a secret that John D. Rockefeller, Jr. was the donor of the gift of \$2,000,000 to the League of Nations for the construction and endowment of a library. This library will be under the joint administration of the Secretariat of the League and of the International Labor Office. ¶ Following his study of the immigration situation, Harry E. Hull, Commissioner General of Immigration, stated that he would ask Congress for changes in the law that would permit entrance of parents of American citizens who under present conditions are barred.



## NORWAY

¶ Mr. Einar Skavlan has been appointed director of the National Theatre at Oslo and is to replace Mr. Björn Björnson on January 1st, 1928. Mr. Skavlan is 45 years of age and has been editor of the radical daily paper *Dagbladet* during the last 12 years. Although a brilliant writer of leading articles, he has chiefly made his mark as a dramatic critic. His task of reorganizing the National Theatre will not be an easy one, but it is generally recognized that at the present moment there is no man who is better qualified for the post. ¶ The Rev. Mikael Hertzberg, one of the best known clergymen of the Norwegian State Church, died suddenly on Aug. 19th at Lausanne where he was taking part in the international church congress. Hertzberg, who at the time of his death was only 56 years of age, was probably the most popular figure in the church life of Oslo, a position which he attained not only by being a very original and arresting preacher but still more by his unselfish devotion, in spite of very poor health, to his religious and social ideals. ¶ The Lutheran bishops of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Iceland, and Finland met in the beginning of September at Fritzøehus, the well known country seat of Mr. Treschow, one of Norway's few multimillionaires. The conference dealt with the various problems of the church in our time. Mr. Aasgaard, the President of the Norwegian Church in the United States, attended the conference by special invitation from the Bishop of Oslo, Johan Lunde. ¶ The Norwegian delegation to the Assembly of the League of Nations in September was extremely active. In the debate on the report of the Council, Mr. Hambro criticized the policy of the great powers in a very



outspoken statement which was enthusiastically received by the representatives of the smaller powers, but met with strong protests from M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain. Dr. Nansen made an interesting proposal with a view to extending the principle of obligatory arbitration. Mrs. Martha Larsen Jahn, as rapporteur on the opium question, was the first Norwegian woman to speak in a plenary meeting of the Assembly.



## SWEDEN

¶ The death of Svante Arrhenius, on October 2, removes one of the greatest figures in the world of science, a man who has carried the name of Sweden to every civilized country. In a life extraordinarily rich in achievement, his most outstanding contribution to the world's knowledge is originating the theory of electrolytic dissociation, which grew out of researches undertaken in preparation for his doctor's degree. This principle became the basis of modern electro-chemistry. Professor Arrhenius has been the recipient of many honors both at home and abroad. In 1903 he was awarded the Nobel prize for chemistry. When the Nobel Institute of Physical Chemistry was completed, in 1905, he became director, a position he held until his death. It might be supposed that an investigator in a field so incomprehensible to the layman as that of Professor Arrhenius would hold himself aloof from the common people, but that was not the case. In popular books he set forth his theories on the origin and continuation of the physical universe, and these books have had an enormous sale in Sweden and have been translated into several languages. ¶ In the latter part of September Uppsala University celebrated its four hundred and fiftieth anniversary. The event was solemnized by three-day festivities of a most imposing character.



## DENMARK

¶ The people of Copenhagen centered their interest on the great aeronautic exposition held in the capital, together with the flying contest which was the biggest event of its kind that has ever taken place in Scandinavia. Of international scope, this contest brought to Copenhagen some of the leading flyers of the continent. More than thirty machines were in the air at one and the same time. ¶ The speech of President Hindenburg at Kiel had its repercussion in Denmark, since the head of the German Reich, in slightly veiled language, not only referred to the question of German guilt or non-guilt in the war, but made it plain that frontiers due to the Versailles treaty were not such as appealed to the German people. ¶ The *Politiken*, in a leading editorial, refutes President Hindenburg's statement that a piece of mother-soil was torn from the German nation when North Slesvig was returned to Denmark. ¶ After years of agitation, a renewed effort is to be made to develop Greenland. Under the auspices of the government a more complete charting is to be made of the coast districts, while an association called "The New Greenland" has been formed with the view of having the government trade monopoly abolished for the better transaction of business with the colony. ¶ In the same connection it is learned that Dr. Knud Rasmussen contemplates visiting Greenland for the purpose of inspecting the Thule station, returning to Denmark by way of the United States. A new work is to be written by Dr. Rasmussen covering some of the more recent experiences of the explorer in the arctic region. ¶ The visit to Denmark of forty American farmers for the purpose of inspecting the dairy industry proved a revelation to the visitors, who said that what they had observed exceeded even their highest expectations.



## Recent Books in Norway

By HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

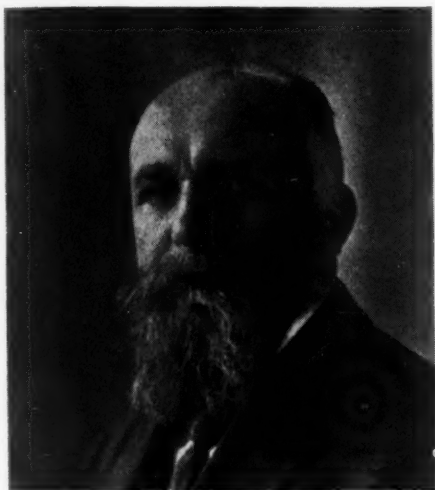
NORWEGIAN publishers promise an unusually rich Christmas season, particularly in the field of fiction. Sigrid Undset is putting the finishing touches on the conclusion of her great work, *Olaf Audunssøn*. Hamsun, Bojer, and Falkberget are all bringing out new books. Due in part to the silence of these authors, in part perhaps to a certain weariness in others who have more recently contributed works of unusual distinction, the year that is just past offers comparatively little of outstanding merit. Yet something worthy of chronicling there is.

The pleasantest surprise of the year was a first novel by a young woman who hides her identity—and apparently hides it successfully—under the pen name Cora Sandel. *Alberte and Jakob* is a picture of an upper class family with inherited instincts for culture and tastes for the finer things of life but without means to gratify them. A common enough story—Jonas Lie has treated it many times—but told with charm, delicacy and humor, and with a subtle insight into the mind of the young girl from whose viewpoint it is seen. The father of Alberte and Jakob is a government official, a *sorenskriver*, who has become involved in financial difficulties through impru-

dence in satisfying the tastes of his lovely young wife. They spend all the best years of their life atoning. Interned in a small arctic town, in a bleak, comfortless home, denying themselves every pleasure in order to pay off their debt, they feel their personalities shrivel year by year. The sister and brother who start life under this handicap meet it in different ways. Jakob breaks away and goes to sea; Alberte remains to lead the "sheltered" life at home. A writer of the past century, taking her cue from Ibsen, would have found plenty of occasions to blame "society" for the sufferings of her heroine. It would have been so easy to cavil at the restraints and repressions that have made the sheltered life a nightmare to so many young girls. Cora Sandel does nothing of the kind. She has no social indignation whatever, but simply shows that life, mere life, shorn of everything pleasant, is precious in itself,—as Alberte finds out when she tries to end it. Life must be lived! This reviewer for one awaits with interest the next installation of Alberte's and Jakob's story. For the present is obviously only a beginning.

Another novel describing the miseries of middle class poverty is Kari Gløersen's *Fru Bugge's Children* (*Fru Bugges*

*Barn*, Ascheboug.) It lacks the charm of Cora Sandel's book, and the conditions it describes are more sordid, but the sordidness is redeemed by the dogged courage of Fru Bugge and her daughter Inger.



ANDREAS HAUKLAND

It is a far cry from these novels of family life to the wild tales of Andreas Haukland, who has now completed his novel trilogy *Helge the Young*, *The Viking Raid*, and *Snare and Sword* (*Helge den Unge*, *Vikingefærden*, *Svik og Sverd*, Gyldendal.) He carries his hero to the Western Isles, to the Mediterranean, and at last to the American continent. Haukland spares us nothing of the brutality that was the reverse side of the vikings' courage and hardlihood. In fact, it is a question whether he does not exaggerate it. The opening chapter of *The Viking Raid*, describing the attack on a sleeping defenseless village, is positively nauseating, even though the author does try to keep our sympathies with his young hero Helge by allowing him to suffer a slight revulsion after the butchering. Justice, however, compels me to say that, even if the book reeks of blood, still it has also the fresh, salty tang of the sea. And if the descrip-

tions of killings are overly realistic, they are balanced by magnificent accounts of the adventures the vikings encounter as they brave the unknown seas in their open boats.

Jacob Breda Bull is the oldest of present day Norwegian authors, the only one who lived through the agitated years when Björnson and Ibsen were debating problems. Though Bull's fame rests chiefly on his splendid folk stories, he has from time to time all through his career made his contribution to current social questions, always on the side of old-fashioned morality. His last novel, *The Child* (*Barnet*, Gyldendal) is a protest against birth control, an argument for natural-sized families. Bull, who lives in Copenhagen, has a large public in Denmark. In his last book he has drawn a somewhat unmerciful picture of Fru Thit Jensen, the exponent of birth control in that country—a journalistic touch which, of course, has contributed to the interest the book has stirred up. While distinctly a propaganda novel, *Barnet* has a warmth and freshness that belie the author's age.

Olav Duun in *Currents and Eddies* (*Straumen og Evja*, Olaf Norli) takes up again the problem of the one man who tries to lead a community to reform against its will, a subject he has several times treated, though not from the same angle. Torleiv Svennem has seen a vision in which automobiles, tractors, electricity, and the latest wrinkle in American threshing machines are the main features of progress, and he is so blinded by this vision that he does not see how he is ruining the lives of those who depend on him for their happiness. It is not that he chooses to act selfishly. He is simply so obsessed by his purpose that he can not act otherwise, and yet he has not the gift of impressing his purpose on the minds of others. It falls to the lot of his shrewd, level-headed brother-in-law to continue where he has to stop, while Torleiv goes away to begin all over

again, perhaps to succeed, perhaps to be once more the goad to another, a more practical man.

In *The Reindeer Buck on Jotunfjell* (*Reinsbukken på Jotunfjell*, Aschehoug) Mikkjel Fönhus has given us one more of his biographies of animals. He is a close observer and well knows the law that all life feeds upon other life. There is nothing idyllic or sentimental in his straightforward narrative, and yet he infuses it with a romantic glamor which gives it charm. *At Vincent Öst's* (Gyldendal) by Peter Egge is a readable story of Trondhjem bourgeois society. Gabriel Scott, too, returns to a bourgeois milieu. In his *Sven Morgendug* (Gyldendal) he attempts nothing less than to penetrate to the causes of evil, using the tragedy of two small children who meet death in the flames as the occasion for his question why suffering should be inflicted on the innocent and helpless.

The list of fiction would not be complete without mentioning the posthumous book of Hans E. Kinck, *Spring Time in Mikropolis* (*Foraaret i Mikropolis*, Aschehoug). The book, which is a collection of eight characteristic stories, was reviewed by Jörgen Bukdahl in his article on Kinck in the last number of the REVIEW.

Among the poets, the ever popular lyricist, Herman Wildenvey, has contributed a dramatic poem called *Falling Stars* (*Der falder Stjerner*, Gyldendal). Lars Eskeland, the folk high school principal whose conversion to catholicism caused such a stir, has collected a sheaf of his verses called *Youth* (*Ungdom*, Olaf Norli), showing real poetic feeling.

In the realm of literary criticism, Jörgen Bukdahl has published *The Hidden Norway* (*Det skjulte Norge*, Aschehoug) a preliminary chapter of which appeared in the Norway Number of the REVIEW last year. It continues the study begun in *Norwegian National Art*, tracing the national temperament of Norway through its authors. He has chosen this


time to divide Norway geographically and to group the authors according to their local color. Medieval Norway is interpreted in a deeply interesting chapter on Sigrid Undset, and emigrated Norway is dealt with in a sympathetic review of Rölvaag's *Giants in the Earth*.

Although no longer new, the monumental history of Norwegian literature written by Professors Francis Bull and Fredrik Paasche should be mentioned with emphatic praise. (*Norsk Litteraturhistorie*, Aschehoug.) It has appeared in sections as completed by the authors, and it was only last year that the first volume was issued in book form. This comprises the history of Norwegian and Icelandic literature to the close of the middle ages, and is written by Professor Paasche. He brings to the task ripe scholarship and a poetic imagination. The result is a work that has dignity and solidity, but is not too difficult to be enjoyed by any intelligent reader. Professor Paasche has himself been a pioneer especially in the study of the profoundly interesting period when Christianity and paganism met and clashed. The history of modern literature is being written by Professor Francis Bull.



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### TRADE NOTES

#### NORWAY AIMING AT LARGER EXPORTS OF CHEESE PRODUCTS

With the view of increasing the sales of Norwegian cheese in the United States, Anders Jaarvik Klepp, of Jæderen, has been in this country looking into import conditions. Mr. Klepp expresses the opinion that a much bigger market is possible here than in the past. The Jæderen products are well known among the many Norwegian-Americans who favor purchasing articles of which the quality is assured. Efforts will also be made to convince other Americans of the excellency of Norwegian cheeses.

#### SWEDEN'S EXPORT SITUATION MUCH IMPROVED

A recent report of the Swedish Royal Board of Trade says that the figures for July of this year were better than any year since 1867, with the exception of the abnormal war years. The export surplus was \$8,147,200, as compared with \$2,787,200 for the same month last year. During the first seven months of this year imports exceeded exports by only \$2,921,200, as compared to \$23,738,000 during the corresponding period of 1926. The favorable trade balance for July was due entirely to increased exports, the imports remaining almost stationary.

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#### NORWAY'S INDUSTRIAL OUTLOOK PROMISING

Great efforts are being made to further the industrial development of Norway, especially in regard to the iron and steel trade. Director Lorentz Vogt, speaking before the Association of Industry in Bergen, declared it to be his full conviction that a new industrial era impended in Norway. The electro-chemical industry, he said, held out great possibilities, and he added that when the day arrived that coal could be supplanted more fully than at present by electricity, then Norway's industry would come into its own.

#### NORWAY RANKS HIGH AS EXPORTER OF SARDINES

During the year 1926 the United States imported sardines to the value of \$4,500,343, with Norway furnishing \$3,155,845 worth. Portugal came next with \$727,071, France with \$227,209, Spain with \$158,437, and Italy with \$81,559. Altogether the American importation amounted to 26,215,538 pounds. The quality of the Norwegian sardines is considered superior to those of any other country.

#### NORWEGIAN HYDRO STILL INCREASING PLANTS

Employing new and improved methods in production, the Norwegian Hydro Company is planning further extension of its plants.

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### SHIPPING NOTES

#### NORWEGIAN SHIP CONSTRUCTION IN SWEDISH YARDS

Norwegian shipowners have found it advantageous to place orders for a number of vessels abroad and a total of 74,250 tons is now under construction in Sweden alone. Of these ships, a 9,000 ton tanker has been ordered from the Göta-verken, and another 9,000 ton vessel from the Eriksberg shipyards at Göteborg, the latter for the account of O. & A. Irgens. The same yard is building a 13,000 ton tanker for Sigval Bergersen. At the Kockums Malmö Works, S. M. Kuhnle & Son, Bergen, have ordered a ship of 7,650 tons register.

#### BALTIC AMERICAN LINE TO EXPAND

The Baltic American Line, which sails between New York, Copenhagen, and Baltic ports, is preparing to extend operations the coming year. Up to the present time, the service has depended on three steamships, Polonia, Estonia and Lituania, but to these will be added others. There has been a greatly increased traffic in both freight and passengers, in spite of the fact that American immigration rules have cut down a certain class of passenger travel on the westward route.

#### NORWEGIAN SHIPOWNERS' ANNUAL MEETING

With President Westfal Larsen in the chair, the annual meeting of the Norwegian Shipowners' Association took place on board the Stella Polaris. Mr. Larsen stated that the past year had proved best for the larger ships and less good for the

smaller, and that the effects of the World War were not yet entirely overcome. The Norwegian oversea fleet of motorships was now the second largest in the world, and the fleet of oil tankers the third largest. The freight market of the past year had been influenced by the coal strike in England.

#### SWEDISH MERCANTILE MARINE SHOWS STEADY GROWTH

The Swedish mercantile marine continues to expand, and has now a total of close to 1,500,000 tons, including over 200 motor-driven vessels. Nearly half the tonnage navigating to and from Swedish ports is national, and the eight leading Swedish Steamship lines maintain a world-wide service.

#### NORWEGIAN WHALING FLEET BIGGER THAN EVER

From Sandefjord, Tönsberg, and Larvik a total of 4,000 men will take part in the season's whale hunt around the Sandwich Islands and the coast of Patagonia. The whaling fleet will have a total tonnage close to 150,000 tons. There will be no less than six land stations with seventeen floating reduction plants. The whale catch is to take place earlier than in former years.

#### THE WORLD HAS LESS IDLE SHIPPING

At the beginning of 1927 the total idle shipping of the world was only about 4,000,000 tons, as compared with 7,000,000 tons at the beginning of 1924.